

# LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER

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Vol. LXI

FEBRUARY, 1942

No. 4

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# Latin School Register

VOL. LXI

FEBRUARY

No. 4



## 1942

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# Warren Kay Vantine Studios



OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHER FOR  
CLASS OF 1942



160 Boylston Street  
Boston, Mass.

*Please mention The Register*

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## ALUMNI NUMBER

It has often been said that a school should be judged by the success and quality of its graduates. Latin School, appraised by this standard, certainly deserves its position of eminence in secondary-school education. This school has been the *alma mater* not only of many men of national and international repute, but also of thousands who have been and still are the backbone of the city of Boston—doctors, lawyers, teachers, scientists, clergymen, engineers, business executives, and members of the many other callings for which a better education is a necessity.

We, of the Latin School, feel just pride in our alumni, and it is to them that we dedicate this Alumni Number of the REGISTER.

We are reproducing in this issue several of the “literary gems” that appeared in the REGISTERS of 1917 twenty-five years ago. We hope that this edition of the REGISTER and the precedent it will establish—the appearance of an annual Alumni Number presenting essays and fiction from former years—will find favor with both alumni and student body.

R. A. K.

## — FROM PEARL HARBOR —

Pearl Harbor, Territory of Hawaii

January 14, 1942

Dear Mr. Powers:

Thought that I might avail myself of a few spare moments and scratch out one, or two lines to you. My letter as you will probably note is of a twofold purpose. The first to pay my respects to yourself, and the second, to any Latin School student who might be contemplating a transfer to another school.

To those who might lose courage and decide to give up a constant war with Latin, Greek, and Mathematics, I can only say that they will regret it as long as they are in contact with a civil people. There is always a time when one has to follow orders blindly and to the letter—the man with a Latin School background will find this occasion much simpler to meet than one who has been brought up in an aura of “slipshod” inefficiency. I will always remember my days at Latin with a feeling that I did not accomplish all that I might have for the simple reason that I was too willing to admit defeat and give up the fight.

However, I did persevere long enough to learn one of the hardest lessons in life—that of discipline and self-denial. Upon entering the Service I came in contact with all types of men—some took to the rigorous schedule very easily but others had to be, figuratively speaking, beaten into it. I would like to maintain the theory that those people who are capable of a Latin School education are thus enabled to go “out into the world”, far better prepared than the average graduate.

Possibly some of the students back there don’t realize it but if they were to enter a private school and endeavor to learn the same things that are now being taught them it would cost quite a bit for tuition.

Well, Sir, I realize that my “word” is not very important, but what I have

written has been done so in all sincerity and today that, is far more important than "flowery phrases". You may be very sure that if ever I have an opportunity to do anything for yourself, or the school, it will be done with no hesitation whatsoever.

Would appreciate it very much if you would give my compliments to the faculty and lower classes. To my "ex-class", the present "graduating class", my most ardent admiration and congratulations on a job "Well Done". My greatest regret is that I am not man enough to be graduating with them. With every hope for a happy and prosperous New Year, I remain:

Very sincerely yours,

EARLE K. VANBUSKIRK, U.S.N.

## OUR BUILDING

MORGAN THOMAS RYAN, '17

*As assistant editor of the REGISTER in his Senior year, Ryan had varied other interests. He was the class orator, a result, no doubt of his experience in Public Declamation, in which he won Second Prize in Class II and First in Class I. He was a member of both the Debating and Dramatics Clubs, besides attaining the rank of Colonel of the Boston Latin School Regiment. Recently he was Registrar of Motor Vehicles for Massachusetts.*

*Forsan et haec olim meminisse invabit*

It would be hard, indeed, to find an alumnus of our school who was unaware of the historical fact that his alma mater was the oldest public school in this country. I take it for granted that there is none but who would loudly champion his school as the foremost educational institution. Yet with all these certain attributes there is no gainsaying the fact that the school as a building—I speak in the physical sense—has not kept up in improvements and refinements with schools that have scarcely commenced to make their own history.

However, what matters all this to the alumnus of the Boston Latin School? I speak of it merely to emphasize the intensity of the love the children bear the old structure.

The present structure has housed the personnel of the Latin School for about 35 years and, although there has been many a change in the matter of improvements and accessories in the school during the time that the building has held

its present location, nevertheless, the latest embellishments appear to the present tenants as improvements.

Let us take the alumnus of four years or more ago by the hand, as it were, for a stroll through the corridors of our beloved building. Upon entering at the central door he will see that the walls upon which are depended the portraits, pictures and broadsides, are unusually noticeable having undergone a thorough cleaning and repainting. The wainscoting, he perceives, has had a new coat of paint, too.

Going upstairs our companion will see "a sight for sore eyes"—the rooms devoted to Physics. He tells us of the old laboratory or room as the Physics department then occupied but one room, wherein lectures, experiments, and classroom work were all performed. Having entered the central door, our friend did not notice the new position on Dartmouth street that was appended to our school three years ago. This serves for

two purposes—first, it is the home of the city's school supplies, and, secondly, it affords us four additional rooms. Returning to the subject of Physics accommodations, we bring our friend through the Physics rooms. He is amazed at the ample space and pleasant location that the Physics department now holds. This certainly is one of the best liked improvements in the school.

Glancing around he notices that class room doors open on the corridors, not as formerly, when they swung on hinges situated within the different rooms. I understand this improvement was brought about to reduce the fire hazard and as a matter of accommodation.

Now we ascend the third flight of stairs on the way to the top floor, drawing our companion's attention to the fact that there have been placed new treads on the stairs. Then we lead him to the immense study halls, two large rooms, one that holds about one hundred and seventy pupils, and another that seats about one hundred and ten. It is interesting to consider that at this time of the school's life these rooms are regarded as almost indispensable. It is hard to realize what we did a few years ago without these rooms. We informed our companion that these rooms are used for various purposes connected with the school's activities. Most important of all, of course, is their use as study halls where the respective divisions assemble at the appointed time with their quota of pupils. Now two instructors are in charge. These rooms are used to great advantage for departmental examinations. Again, on account of the size of these rooms they vie in popularity with the large exhibition hall for meetings, assemblies, rehearsals, and the like.

Now we meander along the third floor to the great exhibition hall—the place of great things. The first thing that catches our companion's eye is the dust be-

smearred walls of the room. A new coat of paint would, in his mind, rejuvenate the whole aspect of the room, so to speak. Really this is an oversight on the part of the betterment committee. It is the parlor of our school, at least let it be bright and cheerful looking! With his scrutinizing gaze he notices our new grand piano, a beautiful ornament to our platform.

We descend next, to the basement. He wonders where the lunch room has disappeared to. We inform him that the growth of the attendance has necessitated a new location of the counter, as the space that it formerly occupied was needed for more locker blocks. The counter, we notice, is very conveniently suited for everyone, and at the same time much smaller than the old one. Ah! our companion espies the new lockers. This is our latest improvement. Instead of the old wooden lockers—lockers they were termed, but in reality were merely cages wherein were placed many valuable articles which many light-fingered individuals made use of as they saw fit—we have the latest patented steel lockers, the doors of which are minus that delicate lattice work that was wont to be seen sometimes on the old ones. A safety lock arrangement assures protection for the clothing and what not within. Alas, where are the drip pans? We certainly need those receptacles for our umbrellas. However, we will wait. These lockers are not so deep as the old ones, but their capacity will fulfill the requirements of the pupils, no doubt. They are sanitary, too, having been coated with an olive green enamel that makes a pleasing contrast with the newly whitened brick walls. Our friend the alumnus is very much pleased with the improvements and refinements of our dear old school, and departs leaving us face to face for a while with our inmost thoughts.

"Why have we not a new building?" is a logical question. Yes, it is needed, but there is something endearing, something homely about old things, especially when they are appreciated fervently—even reverently by their users. It is also interesting that in spite of the fact that the total number of pupils each consecutive year outnumbers the quota of the preceding years, yet the attendance has not assumed such great proportions as to warrant the addition of any new rooms, save as the case of the Physics department.

The school house is filled to its capacity every September, to be sure, but at

the end of the year the unfortunate, as well as the undesirable, ones that have severed their connections with the school make vacancies that spell the stringent methods and rules of our institution. However, the time is coming when we shall reach the limit in the matter of accommodation, and, expansion being impossible, this will necessitate a new building. Then we shall undoubtedly journey out to the academic centre of our city, the Fenway.

Until the next change, however, each pupil will wait patiently and take delight in the present simple, modest, yet impressive old structure.

## SOME THINGS CAT-EGORICAL

HAROLD BENEDICT BROSS, '18

*A Class II editor of the REGISTER at the time that he wrote this poem, Bross became Business Manager in his Senior year. He won the prize for public reading in his Junior year, and was a special Class Day speaker in Class I. He led a winning company in the Annual Prize Drill, earning for himself the rank of Major.*

There was a man  
Most spic and span—  
He had a cat—  
'Twas black and fat.  
But while he slept,  
With snoring pep,  
It ran a race  
Across his face.  
"In all my life  
Such beastly strife  
I've never seen  
From cat so mean!"  
So cried the man  
As he began  
To chase the cat  
With baseball bat.  
He made a swing—  
The cat "took wing"—  
The bat came down  
On Chinatown—  
The dishes flew—  
The cat cried, "Mew"—  
The man was sad  
And very mad.

"I'll get you yet—  
'Lest we forget"  
He cried in haste—  
And straightway chased.  
All over town,  
And up and down  
With wonderous speed.  
The cat did lead.  
At last the cat  
By baseball bat  
Was cornered in  
A big coal bin.  
The cat he gave—  
How very grave!—  
Some poison in  
A pudding tin.  
The cat ate it,  
But had not fit—  
He begged instead  
More to be fed!  
A cat like this  
Was much amiss—  
And, dumfounded,  
The *man* fell dead!

# ALUMNI OBSERVATIONS



"SIXTH CLASSMEN COME PRETTY SMALL THESE DAYS, EH, JOE?"



"YES, BUT THEY CERTAINLY GROW UP BY THE TIME THEY REACH CLASS I!"



THEN



NOW

"AND TO THINK (SIGH) OF ALL THE TIME WE USED TO SPEND IN THE 'OLD DAYS' PREPARING FOR THE C.E.E.B. EXAMS!" ~ORLANDO~

## OUR FUTURE HOME

DR. DAVID D. SCANNELL, '93

*Although Dr. Scannell was not of the 25-year class, we reprint this article written by him for the Alumni Number of the 25-year REGISTER, because of its general interest to the boys of the present-day Latin School.*

At the time this communication is written (early in December), the prospects seem bright for the selection of a new site for the Latin School. The School Committee is unanimous in its desire to see the school in a building and location worthy of its past, present, and future; in this feeling it has not needed any stimulation or inspiration from the only Latin School Alumnus<sup>1</sup> on the board (although he has helped to supply it). We realize, exactly as we appreciate the marked inadequacy and inconvenience of the school administration building at Mason street, that the Latin School has too long been deprived of its just dues in the matter of a new house properly located. The School Board at the present has in mind a site that, barring accidents, should be available by purchase by the incoming Board of 1917, a site that we feel sure will gratify every alumnus and friend of the school, and delight the undergraduates who will attend this best of all "prep", public or private, in this country, and graduation from which, if a boy were to go no further, constitutes a liberal education.

Perhaps it is not commonly realized that one School Board cannot bind its successor to anything, much less the purchase of property for new school houses. That is our present and embarrassing difficulty. If we of the School Board of 1916 could today vote to buy the land in

question with money that will not become available until after February first 1917, I should be able now to make a positive statement. However, the three remaining members of the present Board whose terms run over into next year, and the Superintendent of Schools, will continue to know our needs and will not neglect them.

We loyal alumni of the Latin School have no objection, and express none, to the erection of splendid buildings in desirable sites for our newer types of school, such as the High School of Commerce, the High School of Practical Arts, the Trade School for Boys, and the like, but we have no desire to see too long deferred the building of a proper and dignified home for ourselves. We believe we have been patient long enough.

At the present time when immigration has practically stopped, and as a consequence certain districts commonly overcrowded need no new schoolhouse accommodations, the School Committee should seize the opportunity to give our school its deserts. We must be looked out for and there can be no better time than the present. I believe it would be a strong and acceptable move for the Latin School Alumni Association at its next meeting to go on record in this matter and send the School Board an expression of its feelings. It would be taken kindly and help much.<sup>2</sup>

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NOTES: <sup>1</sup>Dr. Scannell was chairman of the School Committee at this time.

<sup>2</sup>They got the school.

## CUDJO: A RETROSPECT

WILLIAM KIMBALL NORTON, '84

*Mr. Norton wrote this article for the Alumni Edition of the REGISTER just twenty-five years ago when he was a teacher in this school, but the sentiments expressed are those of any alumnus, then or now. Therefore, we gladly include it in our Alumni Issue, and are certain that it will be of as much interest now as it was in 1917.*

It is a far cry back to July '79, but memory must brush away the cobwebs of time which have been gathering for nearly thirty-eight years, to see again the old Boston Latin School as I first saw it.

My earliest recollection of this school is the day when I found myself, in company with many other grammar school graduates, presenting credentials for admission to the Latin School, and filling out various forms. I was seated at a rear corner desk in one of the dingy old rooms in the Bedford Street building. In those days I should have described the position of my seat (from *my* view point—looking at the master's desk), as being on the left side of the room, in the rear corner; but I have long since learned as have other school room executives, I fear, to regard any school situation as seen, not from the point of view of the boy, but from the platform. Therefore, if good old Cudjo Capen were alive, and remembered that day, he would tell you that I sat in the further *right* corner.

Why do I call him *good* old Cudjo? Well, it's because I've changed my earliest impressions, you may be sure; still I believe that we boys came to have a pretty good understanding with him, as we got further along in the school. But he could be terrifically severe! Oh yes, and some, who had received libations from his vial of wrath, would insist that he was ugly,—but it was simply that he was acting his part as he conceived that it should be rendered.

Everybody who ever had Cudjo as a

teacher knew that he was a *character*; he had lots of it. His qualities were the positive ones. His figure, to start with,—which is the basis of many qualities that enter into character—was stalwart and heavy. His head was large, even for his overflowing frame, and seemed the more huge for the abundance of a sometimes disordered and somewhat grizzly mane that surmounted it. His dense shaggy eyebrows beetled far out over his sharp clear eyes. His rotund face, clean shaven as a friar's, was a series of rolling billows, his cheeks hanging somewhat heavily by their own weight. When in a jovial mood he could have taken the part of Falstaff admirably, Cudjo, be it remembered, was constitutionally an actor. He beamed hearty good cheer, and gave you the impression of one whose body, well nourished by the good things of this earth, was the physical abode of a happy and contented spirit.

This was his most true and pleasing mood, but how different from the Cudjo we saw when someone's untoward act agitated that nerve cell in his brain whose duty it was to mobilize the dynamic forces of outraged dignity! Then rolled the thunderous drums of the call to arms, and every muscle and feature and member of his body leaped alertly to attention, and to a challenging pose guard of the dictator's reserves sprang of its own; yes, every individual picket instantly to duty.

Luckless the youth, if he was really very young, or not used to abrupt shocks, who at such a moment became

the object of magistral attention. Even some innocent youngster, not supposed to be staged in the impending drama, who cast but tell-tale glances at the real culprit, was likely to get a hot shot.

In the old days, the boys always recited in their home rooms; and in the upper classes, where departmental teaching was done, the teachers did the traveling from room to room.

The tense moments immediately preceding Cudjo's arrival at class were not unfrequently accentuated by sounds of impact, provocative of pleasure to some and of pain to others. There were boots in those days,—stout cowhides at that, which were not noisy in their approach,—and the first thing the boys would know, there would be a sudden apparition in the doorway, and a sharp command, "Come to order!" followed by a compression of the lips, instantly released with a little pop. I can see him standing there now, choking the doorway with his opulent bulk, the pockets of his ample, long-shirted coat bulging with papers, and a big French dictionary under his arm—his favorite *Littré*.

Cudjo will always be remembered with great vividness by those of his boys who rehearsed declamations to him. He certainly could teach dramatic expression, and he loved to stage the part for his pupil, and to portray, with exuberance of pose and gesture, and with great discrimination in modulation and reflection, the forensic masterpiece that was selected. He impressed much of his personality upon the declaimers, and they unquestionably profited by his precept and example.

On Public Days, such as the celebration of Washington's birthday, Cudjo showed at his best. You noticed the change the first thing in the morning. There was a "company" atmosphere exhaled from his presence. I think he must have worn a specially fresh suit, and

have been more particular with the arrangement of his hair, certainly papers did not stick out from him, nor books distend his enfolding arms. He was all gracious, for was he not to appear before the parents and visitors and the whole school once more, in his time honored rôle as musician, and play, for the program's introduction, a medley of national airs, as he had always done from time immemorial, and as he was destined to do as long as he stayed in the school?

And what a performance was that! Beginning with trills and marvelous runs, followed by challenging staccato notes in high register, and answered instantly by thundering bass notes, as defiant as those sent out from the other end of the keyboard, he finally merged his improvised vamp into the well recognized and stirring strains of the Star Spangled Banner. You lived with him the sentiment of that patriotic song, till suddenly other capricious improvisation stirred your military enthusiasm, as instantly concluded and melted into the sweetness of some southern melody. And then those *variations!* Self taught counterpoint and harmony, on the piano and organ, had long been a favorite study and pastime with Cudjo, and to turn over the piano to his use on a public occasion meant that he was going to forcibly extract some hitherto unknown musical sensation from the instrument, whenever he felt he could be spared from the temporary need of rendering the original themes. So we had variations to the *n*-th degree.

After you had thought, several times, that he was through playing, you came to know, at length, by watching the performer, that the last note had actually been struck, and a tumult of applause was spontaneously accorded by the delighted audience to the beaming and bowing master.

No less a character was Cudjo as seen

intimately in private life. Some of us who saw him after our boyhood days were over, were perennially gladdened, though we pretended to be shocked, by his atrocious incessant puns. He was a devoted gardener, and boasted the earliest strawberries and green peas. He could always tell you how low the thermometer fell in the night or when the first frost came the year before. The good old-fashioned snow-storms were, of course, ably chronicled by him.

In his later life, when he was considerably beyond the age limit which has since been set for the retiring of teachers, some preliminary discussion of this age question came ominously to his ears. Again he became the living challenge, and this time, supported by the friendly voices of some of his old pupils, he pleaded his own cause with success. A characteristic remark of his, after this affair had temporarily blown over, was "Huh! they tried to shove me off the log, did they!"

A few final words of data in the life of this vividly impressive figure may be interestingly recalled by the alumni of the school.

Charles James Capen was born April 5, 1823. He attended the Hawes Grammar School in South Boston, where his father was the first teacher. He was a pupil of the Boston Latin School 1836 to 1840, and graduated at Harvard in 1844. He taught private school in Dedham, and later established the Dedham High School. He was called by Francis Gardner to the Latin School in 1852, and taught there continuously for 57 years, being retired, when the age limit regulation went into effect in June 1909. He was still a marvel of vigor and undaunted spirit as long as he taught, but he survived only till the following year.

His was a remarkable and a most picturesque career. He had hosts of friends in three generations, and it will not be amiss to refer to Cudjo as the Latin School's Grand Old Man.

## FROM THE LATIN SCHOOL ASSOCIATION PRESIDENT

The Boston Latin School Alumni Association is a group of Latin School graduates banded together to guard the eternal fire of America's oldest public school. Twice each year, on the night before our Thanksgiving Day's game with English and towards the close of each school year, these grateful sons foregather to check the effectiveness of their work for Alma Mater, to renew old friendships, and to make new ones. Their next get-together will be at the School on Wednesday, May 6; after the annual meeting and election of officers a buffet supper will be served, and then the Old Boys will return to the school hall to enjoy this year's Dramatic Club presentation.

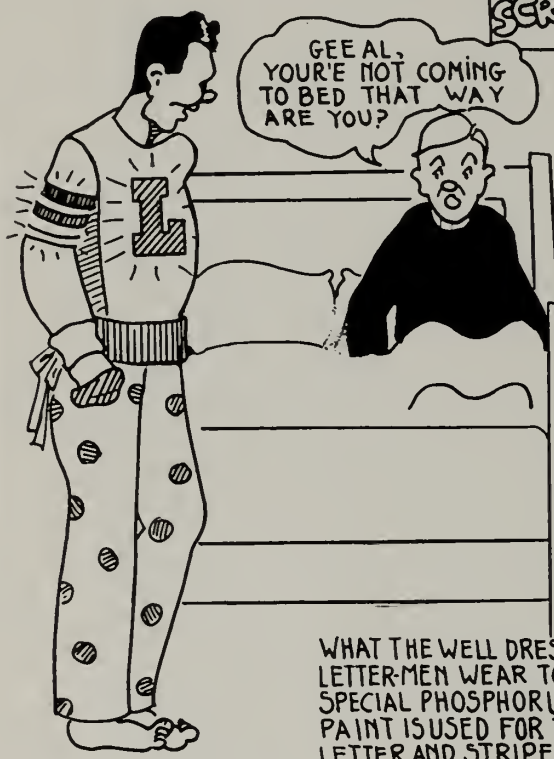
The work of the Association can be made much more effective if *all* Latin School graduates will become members. No financial burden results from membership in the Association, for a life membership costs only one dollar. Last year's graduating class made a splendid contribution to the Association's lists, and it is hoped that the Class of 1942 will carry on. The Great Tradition that is Latin School, a tradition of which every past and present teacher and pupil of the School is a vital part, will be kept vivid if all its teachers and pupils join the Association and if each man takes his share in the Association's work.

Sincerely,

DANIEL J. LYNE,

*President, Boston Latin School Ass'n*

SCRIBLINGS



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## THE DETECTIVE

SOLOMON STEINBERG, '18

*A regular contributor to the REGISTER in Class II, Steinberg became an Assistant Editor in his Senior year. His other activity, target-shooting, made him a member of the B. L. S. Rifle Team in Class II, and the next year he was its Secretary.*

That George Leonard had more than the average amount of intelligence, his admiring parents knew. That George Leonard was a born detective, he himself knew. Had he not received a diploma from Burkett's Detective Agency, whose head had personally written to congratulate him upon the vast amount of knowledge he had absorbed from the series of ten lessons, price seventeen dollars and fifty cents, so vast, indeed, that he had passed a test-paper sent to him with a percentage of ninety-nine out of one hundred? No one. Mr. Burkett assured him, had ever received so high a mark and no one probably would ever equal it. So said Mr. Burkett.

George did not confide in his classmates at the Bailey University his hopes and ambitions for a long time. Finally, in a very confidential mood, he was unable to resist the temptation of telling his room-mate Chad, of his ability. True, he had had no occasion to test it as yet.

"But," as he said to his friend, "I will demonstrate beyond a doubt some day my superiority over the old blundering detectives." Chase looked at him with a twinkle in his eyes, and said admiringly, and to think that we had a genius like you in our midst! Well, the world will recognize you some day in the near future.

"Oh, yes," remarked Leonard in a condescending tone. "Genius cannot remain hidden. I rather dread the notoriety, though, that must accompany fame. I suppose I shall have to put up with it, however."

Chase was troubled greatly by a severe

cough for the next few minutes, so he was forced to leave the room ostensibly for the purpose of obtaining a mug of water. Within a few minutes, however, he managed to gather a few companions in the room opposite his own, and there he treacherously revealed his secret. This was a chance too fine to lose, and plot after plot was discussed, rejected, or accepted. They meant to give George ample opportunity to display his skill in the detection of crime.

A few nights after, on the eve of the masquerade given annually by the Senior Class, Porter, one of the assembly of conspirators that had convened not long before, approached Chase and asked eagerly:

"Say, Chase, let's take your scarf-pin, will you?"

"I'm sorry, Porter, I need it for tonight. I'll let you have it tomorrow, though if you want it then."

"If I wanted it then, I wouldn't ask you for it now," he replied rather angrily. "You haven't an extra one, have you, Leonard?" He turned around hopefully.

"Sorry, Jack, but I have only one, and I intend to use it tonight."

"I must get one somehow," muttered Porter in a rather loud tone. "I must, I must. Oh what shall I do!" he exclaimed despairingly.

Leonard was on the point of offering his own for the case seemed to be very urgent. Porter, however, left the room before George had time to offer it. Chase had another coughing spell, a fact that made George remark that he should be

more careful about sitting near an open window.

The masquerade that night was a great success. Leonard was arrayed as an Arab and played his part well. He noticed Porter several times. His face flushed whenever he met Leonard's gaze, and he seemed to be trying to avoid him, but Leonard thought nothing of the matter, until Chase breathlessly informed him next morning a scarf-pin had been stolen from Mackim's room.

"Here," said Chase, "is an excellent chance to prove that you are a detective of more than ordinary ability.

"Why, yes," said Leonard excitedly. "I believe you are right. I shall investigate immediately."

Accompanied by Chase, he walked down the corridor to Mackim's room. The latter was sitting on the bed, and arose to greet him. He proceeded to tell them the details of the case.

"I left my pin on the dresser by mistake, and as I returned home late, I was too tired to notice if it were there or not. When I awoke, it was gone. I room alone, as you know, and I am positive that I left the pin on the dresser."

Leonard meditated deeply. In Book III, Section 46a, there was a statement to the effect that if one could find the motive for a crime, nine times out of ten he could also find the perpetrator of the deed. Had not Jack Porter seemed very anxious to have a scarf-pin on the preceding night? There at least was a suspect. Leonard advanced to the dresser, and stepped upon what proved to be a notebook of small size. Chase and Mackim had their backs turned upon him when he glanced around to see if they had noticed him. A few feet farther a cuff-link gleamed, and as Leonard picked it up he noticed the initials "J. P." engraved on it. He put it in his pocket together with the notebook, and, when further investigation failed to reveal an-

other clue, he left the two young men alone in the room, conversing earnestly. In the seclusion of his own room he examined the articles and found that both belonged to Porter.

Returning to Chase and Mackim, he asked of the latter, quite casually, "Has Porter been in your room lately?"

"Porter? Why, no, he hasn't been here for almost a week," replied Mackim.

Leonard decided to have an interview with Porter, and luckily, found him in his room. Jack started to his feet when he saw his visitor, and asked, in a shaky voice, "Anything I can do for you, Leonard?"

George regarded him gravely, and said seriously, "I know all about it, Jack, you may as well confess."

Porter started in a seeming panic, cast a frightened glance about the room, and exclaimed, "I didn't do it, Leonard! I'm telling you the truth! I—"

Leonard interrupted him, saying, "Don't be afraid to confess, Jack. It is impossible to deceive me. Of course, I shall not prosecute," he added patronizingly. "I shall let the matter rest as it is. I shall send Mackim in here, and you may arrange everything with him."

"You're too good to me, George!" burst out Porter. "I'm grateful to you for this, and you may be sure it won't happen again." Thereupon he hid his face in his hands while his shoulders shook, presumably with grief. When Leonard returned with Mackim, they were still shaking. Leonard left the room and closed the door softly. At last he had solved a mystery! It was small to be sure, but it was good enough for a start. As he stood before the door, thinking of the glorious future in store for him, a sound as of laughter smote upon his ears. It could not be that the sorrowful pair he had just left were laughing. And yet, the sound could come from no other place. He opened the door, to find

before him, not a repentent sinner, but two ordinarily sane young men transformed into two roaring, howling idiots.

His appearance failed to sober them for some time, but finally there dawned upon him what had transpired. His aspirations had been mercilessly exposed by Chase, and he, in company with Mackim and Porter, had plotted to humiliate him. The affair passed over without any serious results or any depreciable diminution of Leonard's ardor. He still had hopes of becoming a detective, and no amount of diversion could squelch him.

He was returning late one night to the college when he saw a struggling figure being borne along the deserted street by four or five men. Immediately he saw a chance to win fame and glory. In his pocket were his badge and papers sent by the detective agency together with his diploma. He stopped in the shadow of a huge elm and watched the party go into an old, ramshackle building. As soon as the last man had disappeared, he crossed the street quickly and stepped into the doorway. He heard the party returning; so he flattened himself against the wall. His hand came in contact with a door-knob, which he turned softly. He stepped within the room quickly, and shut the door after him. He struck a match, and saw several large packing-cases near the wall. A hand rattled the knob, and Leonard hid behind one of the cases while the procession filed slowly into the room. When the door had been closed, a candle was lit, by the light of which he could see that there were five people there, besides the prisoner, all of whom were masked. Without a word they proceeded to place the prisoner on the only chair in the room. The chair was tilted so that it stood on the two rear legs, while the front was bolstered up by blocks of wood. When the prisoner was placed on the chair, a

string that was hanging from the ceiling was tied to the back. For the first time Leonard noticed a huge bucket that was suspended from the ceiling to which the other end of the string was attached. Also for the first time Leonard saw that the prisoner was none other than Chase!

The voice of one of the masked men broke the silence of the room. In a deep voice he said to the prisoner, "If you move in your chair, you will pour down upon yourself an acid that will disfigure you for life. The slightest movement will cause the string to open the cover of the container."

Silently they filed out and closed the door. Leonard could feel his heart pounding against his ribs; the perspiration stood out on his forehead. He was possessed by a strange feeling of weakness, while his hands grew cold. What could he do? These masked men might belong to a black hand society, and if it were true that there were an acid in the pail on the ceiling, he would inevitably cause its contents to be released if he should startle Chase. The minutes dragged on like hours, and finally it happened. Unable to keep perfectly still for long, Chase's chair began to slip as his body relaxed. Leonard saw the chair slipping and ran forward with a cry. It was too late to save Chase from falling and a deluge, not of acid, but of *water*, completely drenched them both. Then Leonard was pounced upon and his arms pinned behind him, and as he gazed into the wrathful face of an upper classman, he heard, dimly, a voice exclaiming, "You fool! What do you mean by interrupting an initiation by the 'Socet Twin' society?"

It was the last straw—.

\* \* \*

"Say Jimmy, look at this detective's badge I found in an ash-barrel, will you?"

## AT THE END OF HIS RED TAPE

HARRISON GRAY OTIS CHASE, '18

*Chase had joined the National Guard in July of 1915; and, when this organization was called into the National Service, he went to France in September, 1917. He returned home in July, 1919, with a Sergeant's rating.*

Headquarters, Southern Department,  
Fort Sam Houston, Texas,  
July 21, 1916.

Order No. 10,463,242

To C.O. all Infantry Regiments.

Subject: Drawing of Animals.

All infantry regiments are hereby ordered to draw their full allowance of animals at once.

(Sig.) Maj. Gen.

(per) Omar Bundy.

Col. and department adjutant.

(The gentle reader will kindly observe that the above order does not include burros, horned-toads, lizards, or rattlesnakes.)

\* \* \*

As soon as the above order was delivered to the —th Mass. Regiment it was immediately turned over to the Regiment Quartermaster. Said Q.M. read order, rasped "Ah! Ha! At last I get me 'mas mulas'" and straightway hied himself to the Grand Mogul of the Mule Pen.

Said the G.M. of the Mule Pen to the Q.M. of the —th Mass. Regiment, "Have you your forage for these mules?"

"No sir! I have not as yet," replied the Q.M.

"Can't get your mules until you get your forage," quoth the G.M. of the Mule Pen departing from the scene suddenly and with great dignity.

Back to the starting place went the Q.M. of the —th Mass. Regiment, and taking a long breath he proceeded to the Grand Mogul of the Horse Grub Pile.

"Dear and most respected sir," said he to the G.M. of the Horse Grub Pile, "Is it your will that I have a sufficient

supply of beef (brown hay) and horse prunes (alfalfa) for my beloved mules?"

"Have you said mules?" asked the G.M. of the feed pile.

"Alas! No," answered the Q.M. with fear and trembling.

"Nothing doing until you get'em," and with this the G.M. of the Horse Grub Pile vanished as completely and as suddenly as had the G.M. of the Mule Pen.

"Oh! Fuss," cursed the Q.M. of the —th Mass. Regiment, "How annoying all this is! What in the world shall I do?" and still muttering his terrible oath, "oh fuss," he stole to a secluded spot where he might think of some means of escaping from his terrible predicament.

All at once a brilliant idea flashed into his active mind.

"Ah! Revenge! I will make out an affidavit to the effect that I have my horse grub, get my mules, and then really get the grub."

No sooner said than done. Soon he had in his possession a big, imposing, swear-paper that said the horse grub was resting peacefully on the banks of the Rio Grande next to the "campamento" of said —th Mass. Regiment.

With this imposing document in his hand the Q.M. hiked confidently to the G.M. of the Mule Pen. Tendering said swear-paper he demanded his mules.

"Where are your halters?" quietly inquired the G.M. of the Mule Pen.

"Alas! I have no halters."

"Then get some,—pronto," commanded the G.M. of the Mule Pen in a deep base voice, "And more lively please; you clutter up the approach to my mule parlor."

In some unaccountable way the G.M. of the Horse Grub Pile heard of the affidavit. With much promptness he ordered the Q.M. of the —th Mass. Regiment to be ushered into his awful presence.

In came the Q.M. of the —th Mass. Regiment, sure that his last day on earth had come.

"Well," roared the G.M. of the Horse Grub Pile in tones that made the Q.M. of the —th Mass. Regiment shake in his shoes. "Since you can't get those mules,

bring back that horse grub your affidavit says you have—and be quick about it, too!"

\* \* \*

### FUNERAL NOTICE

The services over the body of the late Quartermaster of the —th Mass. Regiment who died suddenly of ervature (acute) of the intellect, will be held at the 1st Government Mules Chapel tomorrow at 9:14 a.m. Friends and relations invited to attend.

## SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD PUZZLE PUBLISHED IN JANUARY ISSUE

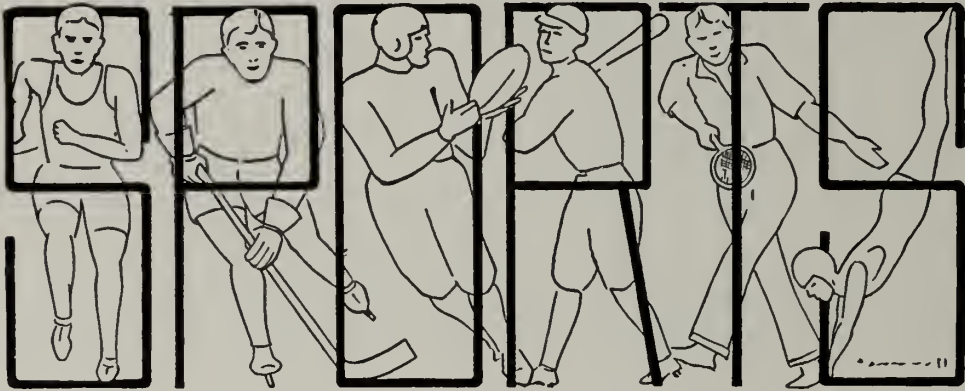
None of the solutions to this puzzle which we received were entirely correct, but, all entries having been judged on the double basis of the time of receipt and of their comparative accuracy, a winner has been selected. Not a Senior, but a Junior, he is ROBERT P. DAVIS of Room 118.

### ACROSS

- |              |                |
|--------------|----------------|
| 1. Hortulus  | 53. Ms.        |
| 8. Alterego  | 54. Egeo       |
| 15. Uber     | 55. Pinna      |
| 16. Aster    | 56. Inruet     |
| 18. Aliter   | 58. Aer        |
| 19. Miti.    | 59. Facidem    |
| 20. Ruris    | 60. Narro      |
| 21. Mus      | 61. Trebaciter |
| 22. Mi       | 63. Damno      |
| 23. Utrum    | 64. Suasero    |
| 25. Sis      | 65. Ast        |
| 26. Leviter  | 68. Ns.        |
| 28. Omen     | 69. Turma      |
| 31. Titani   | 71. Asia       |
| 33. Tot      | 72. Caela      |
| 34. Cisseis  | 76. Acer       |
| 36. Cervix   | 77. Tn         |
| 40. Suissent | 78. Cura       |
| 43. Aluit    | 79. Mi         |
| 44. Iam      | 80. Tero       |
| 46. Suo      | 82. Emet       |
| 47. Vide     | 84. Ettu       |
| 48. Oleam    | 85. Est        |
| 50. Vae      | 86. Se         |
|              | 87. Porro      |

### DOWN

- |              |                 |
|--------------|-----------------|
| 1. Humus     | 38. Vieo        |
| 2. Obit      | 39. Paenitet    |
| 3. Retro     | 41. Numerositer |
| 4. Trium     | 42. Tosto       |
| 5. Lar       | 48. Opacas      |
| 6. Usus      | 49. Maeror      |
| 7. Strix     | 50. Vi          |
| 8. Ars       | 51. Anna        |
| 9. Tametsi   | 52. Eram        |
| 10. Eluvies  | 57. Urnas       |
| 11. Risitis  | 59. Fauna       |
| 12. Et       | 62. BS          |
| 13. Gemen    | 63. Draco       |
| 14. Oriri    | 66. Ecce        |
| 17. Eis      | 67. Sert        |
| 24. Metit    | 70. Mare        |
| 27. Tases    | 71. Areo        |
| 29. Nox      | 73. Aut         |
| 30. Bis      | 74. Lau         |
| 32. Deligere | 75. Vis         |
| 35. Sus      | 79. Me          |
| 36. Caveat   | 81. Es          |
| 37. Rudere   | 83. Mr.         |



### Latin Tops Commerce 3-1

With the smooth-working pair "Dick" McDermott and "Johnny" Flynn accounting for three tallies, the Latin pucksters connected with their second win of the season by defeating Commerce 3-1.

McDermott and Flynn were the whole works. McDermott tallied twice; while Flynn scored once. "Dick" opened the scoring in the first period by taking a pass from Flynn and sinking it from the left front of the cage-mouth. Commerce evened matters up in the same chapter, when they slammed rebound off the goaler's pads and into the net.

However, the final period produced the winning goals. Flynn hooked onto McDermott's rebound shot and caged it at 1:52; and McDermott then blasted in a shot to make the score 3-1 for Latin. "Johnny" Brooks turned in a fine job in the Latin net, making many a save.

The B.L.S. line-up:

G., Brooks; R.D., Curley; L.D., Connolly; C., McDermott; R.W., Flynn; L.W., Brosnahan.

*Spare*s: Rafferty, Lewando, Slattery, Dowling, Mulhern, Comerford, P. Kelley.

### Latin Ices Trade 5-1

The Purple and White pucksters, de-

termined to capture the City Championship, removed one more obstacle from their path by sinking Trade, 5-1. Trade succeeded in holding the high-scoring "Johnny" Flynn in check, but Captain "Dick" McDermott sneaked away for a pair of tallies; and "Bill" Dowling, "Johnny" Brosnahan; and "Jack" Mulhern" added singles.

"Dick" McDermott was the first to blink the red light, and he did this with a clever solo charge in the first period. Later in the same period McDermott tried to rifle a shot past the Trade goalie, who made a quick save. However, "Bill" Dowling raced into the picture and netted the rebound. "Johnny" Brosnahan notched Latin's third tally early in the second stanza when he broke up a Trade rally at the B.L.S. blue line, outskated the enemy defensemen, and lifted the puck past the Trade net-minder. "Jackie" Mulhern added another in the same period, when he took a Dowling pass at the goal mouth, and poked the rubber into the cage. "Dick" McDermott then closed the scoring blitz with a pretty solo score in the third period.

The B.L.S. line-up:

G., Sullivan; R.D., Connolly; L.D., Slattery; C., McDermott; R. W., Flynn; L.W., Brosnahan.

*Spare*s: Rafferty, Mulhern, Lewandos, Dowling, Curley, P. Kelley, Hayes.

### B. L. S. Topples Dorchester

The B.L.S. hockey team continued their unbeaten string by icing the Dorchester pucksters in a close-checking contest at the Boston Garden.

Dorchester got the jump on Latin early in the first period, when Paul McElaney laced one into the draperies. However, Latin drew up even later in the same period. "Johnny" Flynn feeding the puck on the left of the net to "Dick" McDermott, who dented the goal with a dandy shot.

In the second period, with Latin putting on the pressure at the Dorchester end, McDermott short fed to "Vin" Lewandos, who quickly found the opening to put Latin in the lead. In the third period, just when Dorchester was threatening to tie the score, the play swung to the other end, and "Jackie" Connolly lifted a forward from the line and McDermott uncovered in front of the crease and back-handed over the goalie to widen the gap for Latin. In the closing minute, "Joe" Murphy of Dorchester was robbed of a score as a result of an excellent stop by Latin's stalwart goalie, "Tom" Sullivan.

The B.L.S. line-up:

G., T. Sullivan; L.D., Slattery; R.D., Connolly; C., McDermott; R.W., Flynn; L.W., Brosnahan.

*Spare:* Lewandos, Mulhern, Dowling.

### Mechanics-4; Latin-1

Confusion descended upon the Boston hockey scene on February 3 at the Boston Garden, where both the league leaders—English and Latin—were unexpectedly shelled into the defeat column for the first time this year. Latin had a chance to rule the City Division all alone following the English defeat by Commerce; but Mechanics had other ideas.

The Latins gained a brief lead at 3:42 in the middle period, when Captain

"Dick" McDermott stole the puck in the attacking zone, exchanged two fluffy passes with "Johnny" Flynn, and scored easily.

Scarcely more than a minute later, the game was tied up when a Artisan long shot was diverted into the cage off the goalie's skate. Then the smooth-skating Walter Kelley took charge, and Mechanics was home. In the third period Kelley ghosted through the Latin defense and gonged the rubber off the top bar of the cage at 1:34. Before the period was over, Walter added two more on clever solo charges.

The B.L.S. line-up:

G., T. Sullivan; R.D.; Connolly, L.D.; Slattery; C., McDermott; R.W., Brosnahan; L.W., Flynn.

*Spare:* Dowling, Lewandos, Rafferty.



### Good Start

Accumulating a grand total of 173½ points, B.L.S. ran away with the laurels in the opening meet of the season against Memorial and Dorchester.

### CLASS A.

Mario Alfano, in addition to taking second place in the high-jump, took the

# TRACK



LARRY COSHNEAR

HE CERTAINLY CAN  
THROW IT



CLIFF WHARTON

HE JUMPED SO HIGH  
AT THE NORTHEASTERN  
MEET THAT AN AIR-RAID  
ALARM WAS SOUNDED



ARTHUR LEROY COLLINS  
AS "GRACEFUL AND  
FAST AS A JEEP CAR



PAUL LASKIN

HAS YET TO BE  
BEATEN — WINS  
THE CLASS "B" 300 & 600



CARL PARSONS  
BROKE THE CLASS "C"  
RECORD FOR THE 220  
WITHOUT TRYING

PULL OVER  
TO THE  
CURB



MILTON WOLFSON

MICKEY WOLFSON THROWS  
THE SHOT

12 FULL LBS. THAT'S A LOT  
AND IN THE "A" 300 TOO  
MICKEY WOLFSON IS THE  
MAN FOR YOU



PAUL MURPHY

FOOTBALL STAR  
UNBEATEN IN THE  
CLASS "A" 50



TIM DONOVAN  
HARVESTS POINTS IN THE  
50 YD. HURDLES AND BROAD JUMP

50-yard hurdles with ease. "Ed" Agababian, who high-jumped to a tie for third, finished two notches behind Mario in the hurdles. "Micky" Woolfson encountered unexpected opposition in both the shot-put and "300", but managed to be runner-up in both events. Putting on a track suit for the first time, "Marty" Monahan chased home the "600" yard champ, who has since been barred from competition because he had participated the maximum four years. Leaving the pack forty yards behind, "Jim" Foley trotted over the finish line in the "1000". "Jim" Fleming was nosed out in the battle for second place. Paul Murphy, another newcomer to the track scene, plunged fifty yards to win the dash handily. Our relay team, consisting of Alfano, Agababian, Murphy, and Woolfson, was outclassed by an evenly balanced Memorial foursome.

#### CLASS B

"Jim" Barrabee and "Bob" Grady placed second and third respectively in the 50-yard hurdles. Paul Laskin, top "300" man in the city, led "Don" McEachern and "Bart" Burns to the wire in his specialty. Another champion, "Jim" Sullivan, easily won his pet "600". "Ed" McAuliffe, who placed second to Caploe in the high-jump was third in the "600". A heave of fifty-five feet was good enough to secure first place for "Larry" Coshnear in the shot-put. Laskin, McEachern, McAuliffe, and Sullivan teamed up to beat a favored Memorial quartet. As in the other events, Dorchester also ran.

#### CLASS C

"Bobby" Siegel remembered his pants this time, and was runner-up in the hurdles. "Bob" LeVine won the 50-yard dash. Carl Parsons eked out a win in a record-breaking "220". Carl was giving the official scorer his name and school when the other speedsters were crossing the finish line. In addition he had won

the Class C high-jump. John Regan took the "440".

Then came the relay. Latin had a comfortable lead when "Stan" Brenner handed the baton to Parsons. While transferring the stick to his right hand, he juggled and dropped it. By the time he retrieved it and got started again, the Memorial anchor man was at the second turn. Trailing by one-third of a lap, Parsons set sail, caught the pace-setter by the third turn, and was setting the pace himself as he whizzed off the final embankment to come home well out in front.

#### CLASS D

"Tim" Donovan garnered ten points by winning both the broad-jump and hurdles. "Art" Amsie was second in the 50-yard dash and one notch lower in the shot-put. Given practically no opposition, "Art" Collins won the "176" with plenty to spare. "Cliff" Wharton cracked his own high-jump record to win first place ahead of "Matt" Branche and "Jake" Gettleman. To keep in trim, Wharton won the "220" and ran anchor on the winning relay team which was, in addition to Wharton, made up of Collins, Gettleman and Harwood.

#### Slowing Up

Track Manager "Bernie" O'Brien proved he "knows his stuff". When Coach Fitzgerald was laid low with a bad cold, "Bernie" fielded a team that came within eleven points of upsetting an ever-powerful Mechanics aggregation.

#### CLASS A

Alfano slipped to a fourth in the hurdles; but Paul Murphy kept up his good work in the "50", this time in 5.8 seconds. "Micky" Woolfson hit his stride again and won both the shot-put and "300". With a week of practice under his belt, "Marty" Monahan won the "600". "Al" Kelley placed second in both the high-jump and "600". In a

much faster "1000" than he had won the previous week, "Jim" Foley came in fourth.

#### CLASS B

"Jim" Barrabee and "Bob" Grady battled it out for top honors in the hurdles with "Bob" coming out second best. Owing to a bad cold, "Jim" Sullivan was not allowed to run. Paul Laskin ran and won the "600" in his place. "Don" McEachern and "Bungo" Burns came in second and third respectively in the "300". Without Sullivan in the relay, Laskin was given the stick with Latin trailing by thirty yards. Paul ran a beautiful anchor but succeeded only in shortening the gap to three yards. Coshnear repeated his shot-put win. Caploe and McAuliffe were tied for second in the high-jump.

#### CLASS C

"Bob" LeVine repeated as winner of the fifty-yard dash as did Parsons in the "220" and Regan in the "400". With a relay team of LeVine, Siegel, Brenner, and Parsons, Latin seems unbeatable in this department. Murmes heaved the iron sphere over forty-three feet, good enough for first place.

#### CLASS D

"Tim" Donovan bettered his hurdling time by half a second to win easily. "Art" Amsie edged out Carl Siegfriedt in the "50", and Collins repeated in the "176". Wharton again came through in the high-jump and "220". "Matt" Branche

again trailed Wharton in the jumping event. Our D relay won with comparative ease.

In the field events, Mechanics held on to its lead, and Latin went down to its initial defeat of the current track season.

#### Track Splinters

In his heats, Carl Parsons looks backwards as he runs; he likes to know how many laps behind his nearest rivals are. . . . "Cliff" Wharton is likely to set a Class D high-jump record that will last a good many years. The Class D record, which he jointly holds with Ellis of English, is 5'3½". Wharton has already done 5'8½" in the Northeastern meet. No wonder Coach Fitzgerald's thumbs go under his vest whenever he watches "Cliff". . . . In the meet with English and Commerce, Laskin got more elbows at the first turn than all the tables in the lunchroom get in a week. . . . In every one of its meets thus far, Latin has taken more first places than its rivals, yet in points, the pay-off department. Latin has come out second best. It just goes to show you that B.L. can put out quality, but not quantity. . . . B. C. High recently announced its all-opponent football team. Five B.L.S. stalwarts were included. They were "Dick" McDermott (l.e.), "Nick (English High)" Tarushka (l.t.), "Basil" Slattery (c.), co-captains, "Al" Kelley and "Tom" Sullivan (backs).

## DO YOU KNOW THAT . . . .

Edward Everett, orator and statesman, one of Latin School's most distinguished alumni, was the companion-orator of Lincoln on that famous day when the latter delivered his immortal Gettysbury Address. Everett became a tutor and then a professor at Harvard, the college from which he graduated. He entered upon a political career when he was

elected to Congress as a representative. He became governor of Massachusetts, ambassador to England, and then president of Harvard College. In 1852, he became Secretary of State under Fillmore. He ended his career as Senator from Massachusetts. His brilliant orations have been collected and published in four volumes. . . . Mr. Murphy (Room 215)

is chairman of the Roslindale branch of the United War Fund Drive. . . . "Ed" Myers, '39, played the leading role in the recent production of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" by the Boston College Dramatic Society. Besides "Bill" Philbrick, '40, "Jim" Cody, '41, and "Gene" Bertolli, '40, we saw Vincent Burns, '41, and James Collins, '41, in a donkey costume vainly trying to steal a scene from the great master "Connie" Pappas. Backstage, Frank Sidlauskas, '40, was in charge of production, assisted by "Steve" Stavro, '40, and "Joe" Hurley, who was the mascot of the football team in '36. It looks as though it is a requirement to have gone to B. L. S. to join the B.C. Dramatic Society. . . . The following is a gem of wisdom from the Bedford Street Budget of 1845: "The earth covers physician's faults, and money rich men's". . . . During an air raid, you would be safe in B.L.S. The building is of first-class construction and will afford good protection against anything except direct hit. . . . Well-known alumni in the entertainment world are, Ed Herlihy, radio announcer; Arthur Fiedler of the Boston Symphony Orchestra; and Howard Lindsay, playwright, producer and actor ("Life With Father"). . . . The report center in the basement recently visited by Mayor Tobin, serves three police dis-

tricts: District 4, District 10, District 16. The center is in charge of District Warden Osborn Freeman. . . . Room 303 was the first room to have yearbook pictures taken 100%. . . . Our sister-school, G.L.S., recently presented their annual play in our Assembly Hall. Scenery and lighting were designed and executed by "Fred" MacDonald, "Dick" McDermott, and "Herb" Phillips, assisted by the rest of the production staff of the B.L.S. Dramatics Club. . . . In 1790, there were only 64 pupils in B.L.S. This number was reduced to 48 in 1793; but by 1820, the student-body had increased to 207. In 1830, the attendance at B.L.S. again dropped to 150. Between 1850-1870, the number hovered about 250. From 1875, when there were 373 pupils, the number steadily increased until it had reached 1040 in 1915. During the war years there was a lull in the rising popularity of Latin School, but after the war it started its steady climb, reaching an all-high of 2538 pupils in 1936. We are sorry to say that our numbers are now decreasing. This year, only 1905 students are seeking a classical education. . . . In January, \$82,000 worth of Defense Saving Stamps were sold in the Boston Public Schools. Help increase that amount by buying some Stamps from your room agent every week.

## ORGANIZATIONS

With the advent of the remodeled College Board examination, which includes a quiz on current events, the Senior History Club has changed its program. The first meeting revealed that the Latin scholars are quite aware of the present situation and are only too eager to offer their solutions to any and all problems.

Mr. Nemzoff laid before an open forum the following issues:

1. What should be done with the Axis

countries and their peoples after this war?

2. What should be done about colonization and immigration to satisfy the "have not" nations after this war?
3. Should the United States join some international organization to maintain peace?

The members were unanimous in their answers to the first two questions, but so generous were they in solutions and

variations of the theme of the last inquiry that no conclusion can be drawn. The gentlemen resolve not to crush the "ism" nations, but rather to educate and supervise the reorganizing of their governments. Some overseeing process must be established,—a United States of Europe, perhaps. Such a plan would facilitate free immigration to all countries and their colonies.

\* \* \*

Latin's first interscholastic debate of the season was with Roslindale High School. A gathering of two hundred listened as the debaters argued on the question, "Should the countries of the Western Hemisphere join in an alliance with the United States?" Much is to be said on both sides of this question. Latin argued affirmatively, but since this REGISTER is limited to about thirty pages, (priorities, you know), we are not able to print the text of the speeches. The speakers: for Roslindale—John Tobin, first speaker and rebuttalist, Mary Brosnan, and John Waters; for Latin—

Daniel Leary, first speaker and rebuttalist, Austin Lyne, and Paul Kennedy. Paul Sullivan, club president, served as chairman of the debate.

\* \* \*

Dr. Marnell has purchased fifteen copies of the dramatic version of "A Connecticut Yankee at King Arthur's Court." President Frederick MacDonald of the Dramatics Club was reported mustering about him a sturdy stage crew, which will soon sweep the dust from the curtains and the "props"—lying unused since the production of "The Bishop Misbehaves" in '41. Mr. Russo has begun casting.

\* \* \*

With lectures by Saul Cohen, Robert Katz, and Ralph Berman during the past month, the members of the Poetry Appreciation Club are being saturated with facts in the lives and works of the "greats" in poetry. To date, talks have been delivered on Coleridge, Poe, Keats, Sandburg, and Masefield.

## ALUMNI NOTES

Boston Latin School is doing more than its share in producing officers to lead our nation to victory. In this war, as in the last, alumni of our school are doing their best for Uncle Sam. Among the many ex-Latinites now leading our armed forces are John B. Barrett, '06, Commander in the Navy, now stationed at Pearl Harbor; John Daunt, '35, first lieutenant in the Army Air Corps; Arthur H. Onthank, '10, General in charge of Army Personnel; and many other patriotic students of this institution. Not to be forgotten is Lieutenant Commander Thomas R. Pennypacker, connected for many years with our school in the capacity of teacher. When the OPM was dissolved, Edward V. Hickey, '06, who was New England director for that office, was immediately appointed

director of the Production Division of the War Production Board for Massachusetts.

According to the latest mail, Arnold Katz, '38, who last month was reported on the Dean's List at Brown University, has added to his laurels by being admitted to the Honors Program of study in psychology. This new plan of study has been adopted to give students of outstanding ability a broad opportunity for developing their individual interests. . . . Francis B. Herlihy, '38, has been elected president of the M.I.T. Athletic Association and also Vice-President of the Army Ordnance Association. . . . At Harvard University, William Wolf, '41, has been elected to the Phillip Brooks House Freshman Committee. . . . Earl Wedrow and Richard H. Ber-

man, both B.L.S., '41, have been voted into the Harvard Dramatics Club. . . . Also at Harvard, we find Morton Zonis, '41, in the Glee Club, and Milton N. Cikins, Herbert Hahn, and John Shea, all B.L.S., '41, in the Debating Society. . . . Lawrence S. Kaplan, '41, is one of the four freshmen to be honored by admittance to the staff of *The Colby Echo*, the official organ of Colby College. . . . Philip H. Tague, '24, son of the late Postmaster Tague of Boston and graduate of the United States Naval Academy, has been appointed Lieutenant Commander in the U. S. Navy by President Roosevelt. At present, Lieutenant Commander Tague is stationed at Norfolk, Va. . . . William Havey, '39, Fidelity Prize winner, is now a member of the R.O.T.C. Naval Unit at Tufts College, where he is a freshman. . . . Augustus W. Bigwood, '36, a former football and track star at B.L.S. and graduate of Harvard, was one of the ten Massachusetts men who have qualified as aviation cadets. . . . George Santayana, '81, first editor of the

REGISTER and author of many books, is at present residing at Rome, where he is working on his half-finished autobiography. In view of conditions, Mr. Santayana does not expect to have his autobiography published until the end of the war. . . . Harvey Corman, '38, Phi Beta Kappa student at Tufts, has recently been admitted to Tufts Medical School. . . . Richard Arnold, '40, an outstanding member of the Dramatics Club while at B.L.S., has recently had a book of poetry published in England. "Dick" is at present studying at Stanford University. . . . "Bill" Ellis, '40, who won awards while here for declaiming and track letters, is a member of the Harvard track team. "Bill" was one of the eleven track men entered by Coach Jaako Mikola in the Millrose games in New York. He is a member of the Harvard mile relay team. . . . It is with much regret that this column announces the death of Thomas H. McMahan, '03. Mr. McMahan was a teacher of French at English High at the time of his death.

## EXCHANGES

*Northeastern News*, Northeastern University, Boston, Mass.

*Prof*: I saw you look on your neighbor's paper three times.

*Student*: Yes, sir. He writes very poorly and can't read it by himself.

\* \* \*

*The Record*, English High School.

*Master*: Young man, you don't seem to know the King's English.

*Student*: Oh, yes, I do; and so's the Queen.

\* \* \*

*The Bostonian*, Roxbury Memorial High School.

Don't worry if your job is small  
And your rewards are few;

Remember that the mighty oak

Was once a nut like you.

*The North Star*, Wichita High School, North Wichita, Kansas.

Freddie crept into the house

The cuckoo clock struck four;

Freddie crept close to the clock . . .

Then cuckooed eight times more.

\* \* \*

In addition to the papers and magazines quoted above, we have received copies of the following school and college publications:

*The Botolphian*, Boston College High School.

*The Enterprise*, Roxbury Memorial High School for Girls.

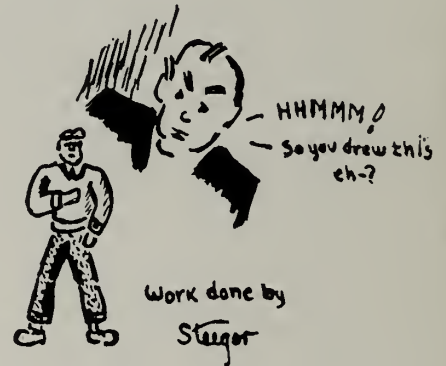
*The Optimist*, South Side High School, Newark, N. J.

*The Sphinx*, Centralia Township High School, Centralia, Ill.

# UN-HANDY HAPPENINGS....

☆ x 8  
= 8

...That assembly, that you were going to do  
last night's Math homework in, always  
has movies!



.... The teacher that's never  
around when you walk around a corner  
always seems to be there when you  
travel around it full speed.

JUST CONTINUE TO  
PAGE .....



.... The teacher that gives you a homework  
just when the bell for the end of the period  
is ringing and you thought he had forgotten it.



## RAMBLINGS OF THE REGISTER'S RAVING REPORTER



*Jan. 12:* At a meeting of the Debating Club, Sullivan delivered a discourse on "The Bill of Rights" to become the school's representative in the American Legion Oratorical Contest.

*Jan. 13:* Club money must be in by January 16. Now the secretaries know that their positions aren't so easy, especially when they try to collect from Seniors, who must settle their accounts with the REGISTER on this same day. As the German ditty goes, "Geld ist nicht—alles weh".

*Jan. 14:* For so small a club, the Poetry Appreciation Club is surely doing a big job. It has a program of speakers scheduled till the end of April.

*Jan. 15:* Commercialism hit the school in the form of a notice informing the students that a page of pictures about Latin School would appear in a Boston evening newspaper.—Sorry, Dr. Marnell, we can't name names—our principles you know.

*Jan. 19:* At an assembly of Classes I and II, Mr. Powers explained the requirements for various colleges. We have yet to find two seniors who can give us identical lists of requirements for any one college.

*Jan. 20:* The Art and Senior History Clubs vied for the "honor" of having *Ye R.R.R.* attend their meeting. Wishing to slight no one, we mentioned the fact that these two clubs met today.

*Jan. 21:* The Photographer was in the library today. It's a good thing that entrance to college isn't based on these pictures after what we saw.

*Jan. 22:* From no less an authority than Dr. Marnell, we learned that eighty-five school days have passed and that one hundred are still to come.

*Jan. 26:* Assembly of Classes I and II. The subject of scholarships was discussed, and a few hardy souls dared suggest that they might go to Deep Springs. *Ye R.R.R.* is one of these few. We have developed our "mens sana" in Latin School, our "in sano corpore" we have developed by our daily race for the street-car.

*Jan. 27:* We take time out today to salute an organization which has, without fanfare, maintained Latin School standards. This is the track team. It came close to defeating an unusually fast M.A.H.S. team. *Ye R.R.R.* adds his voice to that of every student in the school when he hails the track team.

*Jan. 28:* The Poetry Appreciation Club held a meeting today. Katz spoke on Keats for obvious reasons. . . . *Heard in English:* "Ruthless means having no homerun hitters on a baseball team."

*Jan. 29:* Wails of lament pierced the air and even reached the inner sanctum of Room 117. Upon investigation, we learnt that the Music Appreciation Club had no records for the scheduled concert.

*Jan. 30:* *Gem culled from a history period:* "Cattle-raising is a stable business."

*Feb. 3:* Report cards appeared. *Nuffed.*

*Feb. 5:* *Ye R.R.R.* was in a dither try-

ing to find an explanation for the shortening of the fifth period. We learned later the simple answer: air raid drill.

*Feb. 6:* REGISTER deadline. Coming, Mr. Marson; Coming!

★ ★ ★

*Class Per:* I don't think I should get zero in this test, sir.

*Mr. X:* I'm sorry, but that's the lowest mark I can give you.

\* \* \*

The bus conductor handed the quarter back to the amazed Sixth Classman.

"This coin is no good," said the conductor.

"Whaddyemean?" said the puzzled S. C. "It's dated 1921; someone would have noticed by now."

*She:* George must be very kind.

*He:* Why do you say that?

*She:* I heard that he put his shirt on a horse that was scratched.

*Georgia Tech Yellow Jacket.*

\* \* \*

*Professor:* Will you boys in the back of the room please stop exchanging notes?

*Student:* They aren't notes, sir; we're just playing bridge.

*Professor:* Oh, pardon me!

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## THE SAGA OF A SOCIAL

During the month of January, 1942, contemporaneously with the occurrence of history making events on a battered globe, contemporaneously with crises throughout war-torn countries, an incident of not the slightest social significance, and yet of the greatest social significance took place in the corridors of a high school. For at that time the first plans for "The Dance" began to be formulated. True, at first they were vague and indefinite, and oh, so far from realization; but, as the days flew by, little by little they became more and more stable. From the start the fundamental object was "to put it over big." For neither time nor effort nor expense was to be spared in making it a success, in making it an evening long to be treasured in the memory of those who attended it.

Finally the day arrived when the first actual step was taken towards the realization of a dream; *i.e.*, the selecting of the hotel. Previously we had believed that planning a dance was a "cinch". Hmm, how experience changes one's attitude towards such matters. However, after much searching about and many headaches, we stumbled on the Sheraton.

It was breath-takingly ideal! While inspecting the premises, the entire social as it will take place flashes before the mind's eye—the arrival on a beautiful April evening, which is enhanced by refreshing spring zephyrs, with the moon and the stars blending their soft bit of enchantment to complete a delightful picture—the gliding about on the spacious ballroom floor to the accompaniment of soft, soothing music—the air of congeniality and friendship exhibited on the encountering of one's friends away from everyday drudgery — a stroll on the lovely terrace which adjoins the ballroom and overlooks the serenity of the Charles River—the picture was perfect.

The date practically decided itself, for there was no question in the minds of the committee but that it must fall in the April vacation, so April 23, 1942 was elected. Advice and references from many and varied quarters indicated the celebrated orchestra of Ken Reeves as the one to supply the evening's entertainment, as a result of which his engagement was promptly attended to. Conforming with policy, the most handsome invitations that could be obtained, expense being no obstacle, were composed, printed and distributed. At this point let our apology to that unsuspecting gentleman who overnight acquired a wife, according to erroneous information contained on the invitation, be made public. Believe us sincerely, sir, it was a printing error. However, the committee having decided upon a subscription of \$1.65, including tax, per couple as being fair and square, the fundamental preparations were over.

But stay! Work had just begun! For the preparation of a delightful evening involves efficient organization and careful planning. So suggestions toward this end were eagerly requested and taken under consideration. The suggestion of "blackout dancing" by an audacious member highly scandalized the group, until we were informed that it merely meant dancing with one's eyes closed. Seriously, however, taking a sneak preview of the evening, we see lined up a few surprises, among which will be the presence of some of our more well-known major league baseball stars to officiate at the selecting of the "queen of the ball."

So, whether or not within five minutes walking distance of your nearest Dance Warden, hasten to obtain priorities on your invitation to the Spring Informal.

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